

AAA-EEK

36

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SAMHAIN 9987



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36th Stanza, APA-Filk #36 / Mark L. Blackman, 1745 East 18th St. #4A, Brooklyn, NY 11229 / 718-336-3255 / October 13, 1987

As several of you (Vinnie, Harold, Roberta; John) know by now, I did get to Worldcon in the other Brighton (see "This Train is Bound for Brooklyn"). Unfortunately, I didn't get to the filking at the Bedford (did anyone sing "God Save the Queen"?); and not only was the Filksinging Concert opposite the Hugos but, toward its end, the Metropole wasn't even allowing non-hotel guests inside. It was all a ConSpiracy! I chatted with some Britfans about the BBC's airplay ban on songs that mention brand names (like Coca-Cola). And Filthy Pierre found out that "aluminium" doesn't quite scan in Lehrer's "Elements" (let alone what the English do to "discavard"). After the con, I spent a week in London. (Sorry, John, the kangaroos in the London Zoo don't kiss and tell about their keepers.)

I ran across the following filk in another apa. The original tune, "Mama, Don't Let Your Sons Grow Up to Be Cowboys", incidentally, is now being heard in Burger King commercials. This version is attributed to one Desperado Dan.

Mama, don't let your sons grow up to be yuppies.
Don't let them wear fashions and drive them big cars.
Make 'em be hippies and gardeners (or farmers).
Mama, don't let your babies grow up to be yuppies,
'Cause they'll take all you own, includin' your home
-- Right out from under your feet.

In yet another apa, in "Goodbye, Gary Hart" (to the tune of "You Gotta Have Heart"), Arthur Hlavaty observes, "The new kind of news / Isn't issues and views; / It's more like concave and convex. / It's all about sex." And now there's Pat Robertson's holy deception on the date of his marriage (and on his war record, etc.).

& ---- THE MELODY LINGERS : Comments on APA-Filk #35 ---- &

JERSEY FLATS/Roberta Rogow: There was a Doctor Who episode in which he was mistaken for Doc Holliday (very different from Trek's OK Corral). # Well, forgetting a suitcase is better than forgetting your guitar or huckster merchandise. (After all, you did have that pink miniskirt.) // NYCclone> But Bob sat in the audience during that panel on Filking -- oh, you meant Aspirin, not Lipton. But you're right aboyt stale being fresh to one who's never heard it. For that matter, Aspirin & Abbey have been overdone as GOHs in the Midwest but rarely ever attend East Coast cons so few of us have encountered them. // Any TNG songs yet?

TAKING NOTES/Mistie Joyce: Hope during this long interval there's been some good medical news. // ct Roberta re "Hotel Search"> I'd wondered why an Upland, CA fan would want to run a con in Ontario till I found out there was one in LA.

DOWN & OUT IN BOSTON & PRINCETON 2/Harold Feld: ct Matthew> I think the corridor directory on ST:TNG is another fine product of the Sirius Cybernetics Corporation. // ct me> Now I know you better than I did last fall. // Sadly, chain smoking is destroying Leslie Fish's voice. # You know about Boskone's filksing plans; Spencer will not be running it. // Liked "Lullaby for a Weary Filk". /3/ Please watch your margin. // Thanks for your understanding on NYCclone's Banquet.

ANAKREON/John Boardman: The Pride of Islip (as SNL called it) has come home. I'll be sure to bring NY garbage down to New Orleans next year. And Guatemala wants Belize. // Liked "Ollie's Profiteers". // ct Rogow> So "Campbell-ot" is yours. // ?t me> Re Sgsp #34, yes, I had the ribbon out but think I had a typing plate in. Richard Segal's a local fan (he's been at FS), longhaired, into Allen Sherman (Sgsp 32). // The hypocritical, greedy minister has become a stock character, one about which clergymen are protesting; to be fair, it wasn't Mother Theresa and Cardinal O'Connor (or Bishop Moore or Rabbis Tannenbaum or Schneerson) in those motels. // "Saying 'Christian rock'n'roll' is like saying 'Christian drug dealer'," commented one Fundie preacher on the Christian punk group Stryper. Gospel music too was once decried as "God's words to the Devil's music" and JS Bach faced Baroque versions of Tipper Gore who inveighed against the corrupting influence of major keys (it stimulated sexual feelings, the Church claimed; thus he just fugued around in minor). // Guess we'll have to wait till the Musicians Union writes songs. // Springsteen's none too pleased Reagan et al see "Born in the USA" as a rousing patriotic anthem. <I'll be at Philcon> 16

1.

JERSEY FLATS #13.....November 1987
Roberta Rogow, P.O. Box 1124, Fair Lawn NJ 07410-1124

ROGOW'S WORLD-CON REPORT or How I Spent My Summer Vacation, Part 2

So I finally got to go "abroad"...thanx to my mother, who felt she owed me a trip. Back in 1960 I had my choice: Britain on a bus or Michigan and Summer Stork. I chose Michigan and never got to Britain. Now it's some years later, and she feels she owes me...so I went...BOY did I want!

Day One: Tuesday/Wednesday, August 25/26: Much packing and re-packing to get all my STUFF into two suitcases. According to the chappie at Kuwait Airlines (more about them later) I could take 140 lb. in two suitcases. I packed one suitcase with clothes...30 lb....and one with fanzines to sell...100 lb. This was a major error!

That 100-lb. suitcase contained 2 boxes worth of fanzines...and it was going to give hernias to anyone who tried to lift it, from New Jersey to Brighton! I wrestled it into the car...and wrestled it out. I hauled it around airports, train stations and in and out of taxis. In the end I wound up removing a lot of the stuff and re-packing it into hand-totes....

And so, from Fair Lawn to Brooklyn, where I was to pick up Devra Langsam and HER luggage. The idea was that my husband could cart us over to Kennedy and pick us up two weeks later, so that she didn't have to park her car...And it more or less worked out....

Haul the luggage over to Kuwait Airlines. Why Kuwait? They were \$50 cheaper than anyone else and they flew when we wanted to go. The plane itself wasn't bad; our seats were a little tight for stout or long legged persons, but OK, what do you expect? We got fed...food that was spiced to the taste of the Eastern Bloc Nations, which is not to my palate. We got a movie...a variety show in Arabic and a movie with sub titles...and we got some interesting flying-companions, mainly huge Arab dressed families, with at least three generations, including Grannie in a veil, Papa in a suit, and babies in diapers. And we got there, thanks no doubt to the prayer to Allah that flashed on the screen just before take-off. One of the radio channels was readings from the Koran, too!

Arrive at Heathrow...and try to get to Gatwick, where we pick up the train to Brighton. Problem #1: I have no British Money, and I can't do anything until I get some. Problem solved: get some travellers checks changed. Major problem: THAT SUITCASE! British travel facilities (airports, train stations) have really nice little trollies all over the lot, sort of like shopping carts. Haul the SUITCASE, plus my guitar, plus Devra's stuff over to the bus to Gatwick...Get tickets to Brighton...and FORGET the change-purse with the 5-pound note in it! By that time I hadn't eaten anything since they fed us a stale cruller for breakfast on the plane. I was getting slightly dippy....

Brighton turned out to be very pleasant, once we got there...and got the SUITCASE into and out of a taxi...and if anyone ever goes back to Brighton and finds the taxi driver that we forgot to give a tip to, apologise for us??? We got the SUITCASE into the dealers' room, then found another taxi and got to our hotel...

My main worry had been about the distance between the hotel and the Con. Not to worry, as the Natives have it: Hove and Brighton are on either side of the road, so to speak. When they said the hotel was walking distance, they really meant it.

The Sherlock Hotel was a glorified Bed & Breakfast... right on the sea-front, in what used to be a Regency house... Brighton is like two towns in one (not unlike many US shore resorts)...there's the Regency part, which is built in open squares, most of which have been turned into hotels or B&B's...and the modern part, which is up on the hill, where the locals live. The Sherlock was long on charm and short on amenities, like a shower in the bathtub and a "lift"...Devra and I hauled our bags (but not THE SUITCASE) up three flights of stairs. Then we set out on two major errands: find something to eat, and find her British Agent, Janet, whose married name Devra had forgotten. We found something to eat...Roast Beef and Yorkshire Pudding, no less! Most of the hotels along the sea-front had restaurants, or else there were eating-places around the side-streets. Wherever we went in Britain we found Indian or Shish-Kebab places...even in Edinburgh!

We kept running into other American SF-ers...up and down the sea-front... but we eventually turned in to get some sleep....

Day two: Thursday, August 27: We decided that the Con wouldn't really start until noon, and that the best time to do our sightseeing was that morning. It was cold and wet and I was horribly afraid of catching my inevitable head cold, so I suggested that we go in search of a head-scarf...and there were no cover-ups for the stock at the dealers' room, so we also needed a table-cloth(paper, of course!) and one of the rules in the "small print" that I didn't see in the Progress Report was that all merchandise had to be bagged! And where, oh where were we to get plastic baggies in Brighton? Fear not!

Three cheers for Serendipity! While we were looking for the Brighton Pavilion, we found the local version of Macy's! We got the baggies, we got the tablecloth, we got the headscarf and Devra got gloves, and tore me away from the knitting counter so we would be able to get in and out of "Prinny's" little sea-bathing resort...

For those who aren't up on their British History...the "Regency" in those novels is the period roughly from 1801 to 1820, when George III was non compos and his oldest son subbed in for him as "Prince Regent"...around 1790 or thereabouts the Prince got the gout, and sea-bathing was supposed to be helpful, so he went to a little villa he called Brighthelmston (shortened to Brighton) to sea-bathe. And since he had to have someplace to live, he bought a neat little farmhouse and told his architects what to do with it...

The result is the Taj Mahal in triplicate....chinoiserie gone gaga...To eyes used to the pale pinks and mauves and blues of Watteau and Fragonard, those vivid red and green and gold walls must have seemed like psychedelic nightmares. To me they were a delight...all the Regency novels I'd ever read come back to life! I made a fateful decision...I'd buy up all the guide-books I could lay my hands on from everywhere I went. By the time I finished I'd filled up THE SUITCASE with them...

On the way back to the Brighton Center, Devra and I went through the Lanes, the oldest section of Brighton, where all the dandy little shoppes are. And, as Serendipity was with us again, we ran smack into Janet, and her husband, Tim Groome. Janet had a lot of Devra's stuff with her, and some of her own...lucky for me!

We got back to the dealer's room in time to open the store...only there were no customers. The Dealer's Room was in a section of the Metropole that was reachable only if you knew where it was...and our table position, that looked so good on paper, turned out to be farthest from the door. DRAT! A lot of people spent their money before they ever got to us!

There weren't that many customers...so I was able to leave the table in Devra's hands while I put my needlework into the Art Show and made contact with the Off-Centaur table, who took me to Gytha North, the Filk co-ordinator...who saw to it that I was on the list for the Sunday Concert...which meant that I was supposed to keep my voice in shape for Sunday! VAIN HOPE!

Mary Otten joined us..and Tim and Janet Groome...and I came up with a grand idea for dinner: the Mongolian Barbecue! This was right down the street from the Brighton Center...a wild scheme: you get a bowl and you mix your own concoction of meat, vegetables, grain and sauce. This you bring over to a couple of guys who cook it on a huge slab over a hot fire...it worked out very nicely for me, since I could avoid all the stuff that makes me ill, like onions and garlic, which creep into British cooking (especially those onions!)....

Finally got to the Filking! Round robin/Bardic Circle. Harold Feld was on hand and Janet Robinson, from Off-Centaur/....I sort of took over until the rightful owners got in around 11 PM; then the Brits came in and I held out until midnight. And no, we did NOT sing "God Save the Queen"...although the British filkers tend either to the bawdy or the "ose". I especially liked a take-off on "Captain Kidd" in two-part harmony.

Day three: Friday, August 28: This was supposed to be the Big Selling Day for the Con...but no one got to the Dealer's Room! So instead of hustling, I had time to THINK...and what I thought was that my voice was going to be shot by Sunday night, and I'd better sing something other than "Green Hills of Earth" that I wrote especially for the Con...And that's when I got my Big Brainstorm: why not do "The Fannish Orchestra"? GREAT idea, with Kathy Sands and Harold Feld and TJ Burnside around to do it...now all I needed was one more body! I snagged David Lockett, an Australian fan, and got everyone's promise to rehearse...HA! Trying to get five people in one place at one time at a World-Con is impossible, unless they are on a panel...

Speaking of which, I finally got to some programming: a panel of Young Adult Science Fiction writing. Tanith Lee, Diana Wynne Jones and others discussing teen-agers and Science fiction...VERRY interesting, for one of my professions.

After the Dealers' Room closed, I had a yen to see the Brighton Pier...so off we trudged, me, Mary and Devra. Mary and Devra are working on a project, photographing name badges...so Mary had her cameras with her. The Pier, once we got there, was just like Coney Island or Atlantic City, only built out over the water...and we wanted fish&chips, but all the places under the esplanade were closing...so we wound up at the equivalent of a burger joint...but the fish was fresh and the chips were crisp, and the price was right.

Janet Groome had had a Bright Idea: have a "Trekkers' Meet" at the Bedford, where the Trek fans could sit and chat and have a drink. She took this idea to the people who printed up the newsletter. A Fact about British fandom: it's even quirkier than US fandom (and that's saying a LOT). The editor of said newsletter refused to print Janet's notice...but instead he wrote up a long rambling history of one of the British fan clubs...I always thought the WorldCon newsletter was there to tell the attendees what was going on, and if a fannish meeting for like-minded people isn't news, what is????

In spite of the lack of publicity, the Trekkers Meeting was well-attended... I got to chat with fans from Italy, Germany, and various Scandinavian countries, as well as Brits and a few of my own countrywomen. And I ran into Jane Yolen, who recalled me from Library conferences...

And so on to filking, which was desultory until after the rock concert...the

"throne" was vacant...so I led the circle for a while...then Technical Difficulties came in and did "Jedi Queen" and "Reluctant Freedom", and various other things... and I had Devra come and haul me out of there around 1 AM (shocking, but otherwise I would never have lasted out the Con!)

Day Four: Saturday, August 29: The people with the table next to us never showed up, so the store expanded to two tables. What with Janet's assorted oddments, and Devra's 'zines, and my stuff, we did quite neatly...I decided to take 10% off the top of what Janet sold as commission...which paid very well, since Janet's stuff sold better than mine did! Oh, I did okay, but in the end I sold 5 of each 'zine directly to Janet, and let her sell them at Trek Cons in England. I was able to use the money I made directly in England, instead of having to change my own travellers checks.

Devra and I got to another panel...on Star Trek novel writing in the pro field. Barbara Hambly told the True Story behind the legan hassles of "Ishmael"...and John Ford told us enough about his new novel to make me want to snatch it up (I just got it and it's a howl!) In the course of his chat, John said that Captain Kirk gets locked into a "closet"...at which point the Brits went into whoops and the Americans looked puzzled...to the Brits, the "closet" has a johnny in it, but to us Yanks, it's where you hang the coats, which to them is the "cloak-room". So much for the language barrier!

I skipped filking for costuming, and was bitterly disappointed. The Costume Masquerade had been so rigorously vetted that there were only 30 entries...this, to me, is NOT a WorldCon masquerade. I can only assume that either the Americans were all at NASFic or the screening had been over-careful. What there was lovely, especially some medivals and a re creation of Jean Cocteau's "Beauty and the Beast" But the so-called banquet (for which I paid 10 pounds/\$17) was airline food of the nastiest sort, and the Ball afterwards might have gotten better, but when I was there it was tacky...bad lounge singers and worse jazz players. I left in disgust and headed for the bid parties...

The three-year gap between WorldCon nominations makes for long-range planning. Bid parties went as far as "Winnepeg in 1994"...There was milk-and-cookies-and-conversation at "Chicago in 1991" (stuck way in the basement of the Metropole); there was free booze at "Holland in 1990" (they won the vote, too...but more on that later); lemonade and political debates in "Washington in 1992". I think Bulgaria is trying for a WorldCon bid...can you imagine the Commissars faced with the Dorsai?

Day Five: Sunday, August 30: Well, Mother said there would be days like this, and she was right. The one panel I wanted to see was "Gothic Science Fiction and Horror", and since that's what BEYOND gets a lot of, that's what I wanted to see... but the schedules were off, and I never got to it. Devra and Mary wanted to go to Arundel Castle, and I said, "sure, go ahead, I'll be fine, because Janet is here to spell me"...but she wasn't. And for the first time all Con, the buyers came, and I was busy and the proverbial flea on the proverbial griddle...and I forgot to EAT. DISASTER!

Devra was supposed to come back and help close the store. She didn't...because Arundel castle was farther away than she thought, and she and Mary missed their train...and decided to eat dinner at Arundel...and forgot to bring me something. (Well, I didn't TELL them to bring me something...*sigh*) So there I was, rehearsing "The Fannish Orchestra" waiting for food, and not going out to get any because I figured that it was going to get there any minute....

Since I was the only person around with a spare guitar, I was in demand as an accompanist...very flattering, but it meant I had to stick around and rehearse...and not get food! And I was flying on adrenaline...but not protein... BAD NEWS!

As friends and foes know, I suffer from a condition known as hypoglycemia...which basically means that if I don't eat, I go bonkers. And that's what happened to me Sunday night....

I managed to get through "The Fannish Orchestra" (thanx Harold, thanx Kathy, Thanx Celia, thanx Janet, thanx David". I managed to get everyone's names wrong when I introduced them. I accompanied Kathy in Harold's "Lullabye for a Weary Filker" and David in a howler to the tune of "Vicar of Bray", and someone else in Matt Leger's "Song for Security". And then I fell apart...literally!

I sat in a chair and behaved like a spoiled baby who hadn't been fed and wanted everyone to know it. I yelled until someone found Devra... who took me in hand and gave me a figurative slap in the face...just about the time that dear Harold and sweet Kathy came back with hamburgers...with all the things on them that make me deathly ill, like pickles, ketchup and onions! Devra cleaned off the "nasties" and forced the burgers down my throat!

After which, I recovered my usual poise and aplomb...but by then the concert was over. Holland was celebrating its WorldCon win...and the Americans were howling "We wuz robbed!" Seems that the ballots for Voting had never gotten through...and a lot of Sustaining members were out of luck. I know that I had to deliver a couple of WorldCon votes by hand myself...

In any case, both the LA and Holland committees decided to abide by the final count, and since LA isn't going to go through all that just for a NASFic, San Diego's got it in 1990...and Devra's mulling over doing another small Media Con in New York that year...but we've got plenty of time to decide.

In the meanwhile, there was the problem of Feeding Rogow. I had the burgers, but I needed more food...and all the places were shutting down. We wound up at one of those Turkish kebab places, where I could get a baklava, and getting some tea at the Sherlock...I said the place was long on charm. THAT was one of the charms: tea at any hour you wanted it.

Day six: Monday, August 31: The Closing Day...and we were ready to pack it in. But wouldn't you know it, NOW they start to buy 'zines! And I laid some of the REC-ROOM RHYMES #5 off on Off-Centaur, and arranged with Bob Laurent to ship him some more tapes as soon as I got back to the States...

And then the Great Mystery of the Missing Needlepoint!

Back on Thursday I put two pieces of needlework into the Art Show: a crochet lap-robe with and IDIC and a "Native American Unicorn" needlepoint (Appaloosa coloration and an American Indian motif background. The IDIC throw I found...the needlepoint had vanished. Soooo...where was it?

The people at the check-out desk said that if it wasn't on the wall, it went to auction. The people at the auction said it never went to auction; it had to be on the wall. It was NOT on the wall...After much hassle, we got the TRUTH..it was the very first item to be sold "off the wall"...and the person who bought it never signed the Artists' Master Sheet!

By the time they figured this out it was 6 PM...and we were in a hurry to get to London, for the next part of the vacation...that SUITCASE was still bulky, but considerably lighter than before...I had sold most of what I brought with me, and I had picked up some more (mostly Star Trek 'zines, one or two filk-aines, and two nice pieces of art)...

So that was WorldCon...a lot of hassle, but a lot of fun. I got to meet fans from Britain, France, Germany, Italy, and the Iron Curtain countries...I got to show off some of my costumes as Hall Costumes...I got to meet some British filkers, and I got to hear some of their stuff...

The next week or so was spent touring Britain...a quickie run up to Scotland, then to the Lake District, and into Wales, and back to London...I got to York, and Durham (where I ran into an exhibition of Children's Art in the Cathedral...for the 1300th anniversary of St. Cuthbert, the local patron saint)...I sang and danced at a Scottish "cailleidh", where I knew a lot of the music, so it must have been authentic!...I paid respects to Wordsworth and Beatrix Potter at Grassmere...

I would have liked to have stayed longer in York, where I saw the Roman ruins under the Minster...and Chester, where they have double decker shops in the old medieval buildings that are still being used...And I would just have soon left Stratford On Avon much sooner!

Back in London, Devra contacted her buddy, while I went to an Elizabethan Feast (they admitted using some "delicacies from the New World...potatoes and chocolate!) at Hatfield, Elizabeth I's childhood home...

Together we went to Windsor; the British Museum; and Fortnum and Mason's; separately, I saw the Tower of London and the Victoria and Albert Museum, while she explored bookstores and cookery utensil places.

And we managed to get onto the plane on time, even though bad weather made us an hour late getting back...

And so, back to the Real World. REC-ROOM RHYMES #5 is out, with a two-tone cover and a lot of songs by people other than me...And I've just taped another one: "People and Places", which has C.J. Cherry's "Sands of Mars" and "Banned From Argo"(my version, but Thanx, Leslie)...and a song for "Blake's Seven"...and a few others, with additional vocals by Jean Ellenbacher....

And the Filkindex will be ready as soon as Sourdough Jackson gets me the illos!

I'll be at PhilCon for further information on these and other adventures!

And the BIG NEWS: I've actually sold a story! To C.J. Cherryh, for one of the "Merovingen Nights" anthologies...which means that I am now a "semi-filthy pro".

And one more thing: Yes, I've seen STAR TREK: The New Generation. I think it's going to work; I've already started lining out stories about Lt. Worf!

Keep on Trekkin-- AGAIN!

Roberta Rogow

ANAKREON

#36, APA-Filk Mailing #36

1 November 1987 (Samhain 9987)

THAT REAL OLD-TIME RELIGION

(ninth supplement)

The chorus is sung after every verse.

597. Jesse Helms and Orrin, Hatchin'
Plots, are takin' breaks for scratchin',
It's the flyin' ferk they're catchin',
Bless and keep them far from me. (FG)

CHORUS: Give me that old-time religion,
Give me that old-time religion,
Give me that old-time religion,
It's good enough for me.

598. Asa-Thor hates Ronnie Raygun,
And his hammer is a-wavin'
But it is double ferk he gave him,
And that's good enough for we.

599. Father Thor he was a ravin'
And his hammer he was wavin'
But 'twas flying ferk he gave 'em
And it's good enough for me. (Pan)

600. Tammy Bakker's quite a person,
And there hasn't been a worse 'un,
Not since Aimee S. MacPherson,
And that's soon enough for me. (JB)

601. "PTL" means "Praise the Lord" -
But that all went by the board -
"Pass the Ladies" is the word!
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

602. When Jim Bakker's lust did wander,
Tammy didn't sit and ponder -
She went out and sauced the gander,
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

603. Bakker's solid as a rock,
Even though he got a shock -
"Hahn's" the German word for cock -
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

604. Though the preachers preach for Reagan
With the ethics of ol' Fagin -
Maybe they'd like to be Pagan,
And that's good enough for me. (JB)

605. Billy Hargis felt the need
To help spread the godly seed -
Just like Zeus and Ganymede,
Good for some but not for me. (JB)

606. When a preacher's caught in sin,
He laments an awful din,
But when Pagans do, they grin,
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

607. All the TV newsmen yelled
When a candidate they felled -
Like the Sacred Kings of Eld,
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

608. If you'd like a congregation,
But are fond of fornication,
Try a Pagan priest's vocation,
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

609. We find Robertson a bore,
And his speeches cry for gore -
He's the Christian god of war,
Which ain't good enough for me. (JB)

610. Let some preacher with a bimbo
Preach of Heaven, Hell, and Limbo -
I would rather watch Yojimbo,
Which is good enough for me. (JB)

611. Jerry Falwell is too pushy,
And he campaigns for George Bushey,
So just kick him in the tushie,
Which is good enough for he. (JB)

ANAKREON is published every three months by John Boardman, 234 East 19th Street, Brooklyn, New York 11226-5302. It is one of several filksinging fanzines that is collated into APA-Filk, an amateur press association which is assembled quarterly at this address. (The next collating date is 1 February 1988, and the copy count is 60.)

Every fourth issue of ANAKREON, the one published on 1 November (Samhain), has for several years been a collection of the most recent verses to have been contributed in that Neo-Pagan filksong "That Real Old-Time Religion". This means that the Samhain issue of ANAKREON is circulated through Pagan-APA as well as through APA-Filk. This year the contributions have been unusually meager, and I have the distinct impression that, after many years of lively and contentious growth, the revival of the worship of the Old Goddesses and Gods has fallen into the same state that Christianity had reached when John of Patmos grumbled the lines that have come down to us as Revelation 2:4. Only three verses came in in all the year since ANAKREON #32 printed 37 of them. These are the first three on the previous page. Verses 597 and 598 came in from Brian Burley; "FG" is "Frederick GeoBold". Verses 598 and 599 seem to be variant forms of the same thing, and may have come from two different people who remembered the same verse differently.

This is
O At Faced with this dearth, I hastily cobbled up a dozen verses on the
P Great current problems of evangelical Christian ministers and such types.
E Intervals To judge from a comparison of their favored activities with the Great
R This Rite of modern Pagans, a lot of them would probably be more at home
A Appears among the Pagans, except that the pickings are a lot better in Christian-
T To ity. These verses were all composed ex tempore while the stencil was in
I Inflame the typer, which accounts for their hurried appearance.
O Optic Unless some remarkable number of new verses to "That Real Old-Time
H Nerves' Religion" come in by the publication date for ANAKREON #40 on 1 November
1988, I will therefore cease the practice of devoting every fourth is-
sue to this song exclusively. If verses do come in, they will just be
printed, along with other material, in the next subsequent issue of

ANAKREON. This, incidentally, does not include a computer hackers' filksong called "That Old Real-Time Religion". This is properly not a Pagans' but a hackers' filksong, and there are hacker publications for them. Some, in fact, have already come into past Mailings of APA-Filk from other contributors.

The moral superiority of Paganism to Christianity is the subject, not only of my contributions to this year's verses of "That Real Old-Time Religion", but also in the cover that Mark Blackman did for the present Mailing. For those of you who get ANAKREON but not APA-Filk, the cover shows a robed and bearded Pagan priest saying: "I ask unto you, sisters and brothers - when did Baldur ever extort donations from his followers? - or Hades ever air-condition Cerberus's doghouse? - or Astarte ever deny she was a bimbo? - Give me that real old-time religion!" Behind the priest is a sign for the "666 Club", and with the pentagram-in-circle emblem, where "PTL" means "Pagans That Lust".

It's been fun putting together all these verses to "That Real Old-Time Religion", and I've met a number of interesting people in the course of collecting them. If the divine afflatus ever strikes the Pagan community heavily again, and another spate of verses comes in, I'll be happy to resume printing these collections.

F I L K E R S D O I T T I L L D A W N

by Harold Groot 2285 Deborah Dr. #2 Santa Clara CA 95050

verse 9, part 1

It will be a pleasant surprise if this makes it into the August mailing. If it doesn't, John, just make it an early submission for November.

Actually, I don't have a lot to report in spite of the 9 months since my last article. The creative bug has been flitting around, but it hasn't landed and bitten me. I have two songs halfway finished, but I don't think they're acceptable yet (my editing is getting better, perhaps).

It was interesting to me to see how precisely I targetted my last song. It was written strictly for the Dorsai Fen (Margaret Middleton being the only other one in this APA). John made a few remarks about Gordy's universe, Mark made a pun, there was a comment that someone else didn't know the tune (this is from memory) - and Margaret went "Oh, wow!" This was very close to how I had anticipated the general reactions to be. So, even though I think it's one of my better efforts, I have not yet performed it in public. I expect the general reaction to be the same - those who really like the Dorsai books will love it, those who don't will wonder why I'm boring them with this long, pointless song. I will probably only perform it (a) if there really is a Dorsai crowd at the sing, or (b) on request (not too likely).

Anyway, somewhere last October or thereabouts I took over the responsibility for running Gaming at Westercon XXXX (the western regional convention). This started to eat up time. A bit later I caught the flu and had a terrible cough for 10 weeks, so I missed Con-Chord. I finally recovered around time for Baycon, but there was a gaming convention the same weekend and I needed to talk to people there about gaming at Westercon. Of course, running a dept. at a con means you don't get to see the con itself, so the only filking I did was as part of the programming (thanks for inviting me, Peter) and one stint for 2 hours on Saturday night (1:30 AM to 3:30 AM). So my own activity has been very low.

Peter Thiesen, on the other hand, did a marvelous job organizing the filking. There were concerts galore, even during afternoon and evening hours. While I noticed a large number of known filking fans, I also noticed a fair number of newcomers. I've said it before, and I repeat it here, that I'm highly in favor of letting the rest of the con know what we're doing. Possibly we even gained some new recruits.

Pennsic will hopefully be my time-to-unwind break, and I'm still hoping to make it to NASFIC. Who knows, I may even start writing a few songs...

Keep on Filking!
Harold

FILKERS	DO	IT	'TILL	DAWN
FILKERS	DO	IT	'TILL	DAWN
FILKERS	DO	IT	'TILL	DAWN
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FILKERS	DO	IT	'TILL	DAWN

for 11/87 issue
of Apo FK

by Harold Groot 2285 Deborah Dr. #2 Santa Clara CA 95050

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As usual, when I sit down to write reviews I can't find the previous issue. So I'll just skip the Grace Notes section this time.

I've been writing fewer songs this past year, but I've been spending more time on them. I think the improvement shows. On my newest effort (Free in the Harbor...Again) I got the idea for subject and tune as soon as I saw the movie, yet didn't finish the song until Sept. While part of that delay is due to the number of distractions around my apartment, part of it was rewriting and polishing.

Songs that will fill space but will never be finished:

A Volunteers Song

(tune: A Varangian Song)

The ConCom had too many holes
 Vacancies left unfilled for days
 They filled my goblet to the brim
 And I said "Yes" in a boozy haze
 That I'd handle another department
 One that stayed open 'till dawn
 At the Oakland Hyatte Regency
 In the halls of the WesterCon.

Pigpen Malomar

(tune: Signy Mallory)

Captain Pigpen Malomar has no soap they say
 The captain of the Noway is covered all in clay
 And on the head of the captain are little clouds of lice
 Oh, the smell around the captain, boys, it isn't very nice.

There haven't been all that many Star Trek IV songs. This is mine, I hope you enjoy it.

Free in the Harbor... Again

by Harold Groot

Tune: Free in the Harbor (by Stan Rogers)

They're returning through space, seeking songs of a race

That was friendly, but now had gone silent

Killer apes roamed the seas, they'd come down from their trees

So they feared that the end had been violent

So they came to the blue world and called for their friends

Answer the call, answer the call

And almost in passing they silenced the men

But no whales played free in the harbor

Free in the harbor, for years we did not hear their song

Free in the harbor, for they had been hunted and now they were gone

Mankind hardly missed them, except for a few

Answer the call, answer the call

When the summons rang out Man knew not what to do

And no whales played free in the harbors.

They're returning through space, courtmartials to face
For the Needs Of The One had been mastered
Spock deciphers the call, they break Time's dark wall
As they seek to prevent a disaster
Though their borrowed ship shuddered and shook from the strain
Answer the call, answer the call
They would see in the 80's if any remained
But no whales played free in the harbor
Free in the harbor, or rather, a pair in a tank
Free in the harbor, they'd soon be released and the budget's to thank
Now Gracie knows logic and holds no ill will
Answer the call, answer the call
A trip to her future, our needs for to fill
And so whales played free in the harbor.

They're returning through space, satsfied that this place
Still has whales, and the future looks brighter
But an ending so pat, requires blue-screen and matte
And we all know an answer that's righter
For if we don't hunt them but help them survive
Answer the call, answer the call
Then Gracie could stay here with friends all alive
And the whales play free in the harbor.

Free in the harbor, the humpbacks are sporting again
Free in the harbor, untroubled by comings and goings of men
Who once did persue them as oil from the sea
Haul it away, haul it away
There's still time to find out what friends they could be
And have whales play free in the harbor.

C D G
Free in the harbor... Again

Star Trek, The Next Generation

Overall, better than I had feared. It shows promise of being good, although now I can't rate it more than fair. It has too many people with too many relationships that are being introduced too fast in too many rehashes of old Star Trek scripts, but other than that it's not bad.

The premier - Q acts like a slightly grown up Squire of Gothos, and 3/4 of a century might get him to go from being a 5 year old to being an 8 year old. Troi gets to repeat all her lines, repeat all her lines. The intros take up way too much time - this could have been a very good 1 hour show without introducing us to the ship, the captain to the ship, #1 to the ship, #1 to the doctor, etc. ad nauseum. There is time for all that later, surely. The manual docking is a "fairly routine" maneuver that gets blown out of proportion. The briefing of #1 is pitiful. The captain mistakenly calls Troi "commander". Data, in spite of having gone through Star Fleet Academy, seems to have hardly met humans before. The Kid is going to be very annoying. By the way, have the definitions of warp speed changed? If the Galaxy class ships are limited to warp speeds in the 9s, this is not the expected improvement in 3/4 century. And what happened to the transwarp drive? Has it become the new "standard" warp speed? Or was it discarded? I have heard someone say that warp 10 is now supposed to represent the maximum possible speed. If so, that U-turn at warp 9.6 is impressive. I wish they had added a bit of sound to indicate that the ship was straining, though. As far as noise went the turn could have been made on maneuvering jets.

The Naked Now - apparently done for the single purpose of showing the hidden motivations of the entire cast in one episode. Or perhaps it had other uses - to show how pitifully vulnerable the Enterprise is and how criminally negligent the doctor is. There is apparently NO redundancy on engine controls. The medical records are apparently blank on the poly-water, even though it's a very serious and extremely contagious ailment. "Full decontamination" is still a puzzle - exclude known baddies, or only include known good things? The polywater would pass the first. Anyway, consider this situation: A shipful of people dead as a result of mental breakdown, some of whom were known to be lucid at times (communications as they arrive). The away team can find no cause, The other ship should have been able to use it's own transporters as medical decontaminators. A Star Fleet Officer who was on the away team starts acting in an irrational manner (disobeying orders by leaving sick bay and taking off his communicator). This situation cries out for a shipwide quarantine of the "DON'T NOBODY MOVE" variety. When the historical data comes to light it should go to "SEAL ALL BULKHEADS, SHUT DOWN THE TURBOLIFTS, AND SECURITY TEAMS TO WEAR SPACESUITS. ISOLATE THIS THING, FAST!" As for the engineering section, how about intra-ship beaming? And did disabling that one section prevent them from separating the ship again? There have to be controls on both parts. And do you really mean it

that there is nobody that could stand in for the two senior engineering officers on watch? If so, would the order to report to sick bay be obeyed with no attempt to either postpone it or get a competent replacement?

In Code Of Honor we have a replay of Amok Time. A forced battle to the death for mating rights, with one not fighting in a no-lose situation (apparently), to be resolved by the non-permanent "death" of one. I'll admit to being fooled in this one - I thought they were somehow going to use the computer-generated warrior as a substitute for Lt. Yar. What bothered me in this one (the best of the 3) is the apparent lack of attempts to immediately retrieve Yar. I expected orders about trying to lock onto her communicator, scanning the planet, etc. Nothing. Granted that a society with their own transporter technology could shield the communicator, it's something that ought to have been tried. The scene could be done in 15 seconds and would show them at least trying something useful. The "death" also bothers me. Dr. Crusher claims Yarina really died. What criteria was used? I don't believe heart failure would be the yardstick, that's almost obsolete now. If brain failure is used, do they routinely jump-start brains? And if they can do that, wouldn't they consider death to be measured in some other (permanent) way? If they were trying to use the standards of the planet, they gloss very quickly over the fact that to the planet it would still appear that there was no death (since the woman was alive), the fight had been halted too soon, unreasonable interference, the marriage was still valid, etc. And get that kid off the bridge. He's as bad as a tribble!

I got a chance to see The Last Outpost, so I'll add to this. It starts out like Arena - clash over items on a planet both sides claim, chase, ships stopped by aliens in a system they pass through. The much-feared Ferengi turn out to be trigger-happy pathological liars, interested in trade, gold, and treachery. Quite a change from the Klingon/Romulan opponents of the past. As usual, everyone but the captain wants to open fire. If the number of trigger-happy officers on the Enterprise is any indication, the Federation may have lost ground in the last 78 years. The Chief Engineer and the ass't. CE were missing during the energy crisis. And when the tricorders and communicators were failing on the planet, why did the eye-sensors work?

The fact that I have many objections to specific items does not mean that I dislike the show. I simply think it could be better than these first four episodes have shown. It's interesting to speculate about many of these points, and any TV show that gets people thinking gets good marks. Watching the switches in characterization (the Captain calms down the Doctor, the computer/empath is split, the computer half wants to be human, etc.) is fun. The chief engineer has a "Can't do" attitude!

The actors in the first series were amazed at the amount of detail the Trekkies could memorize. Wait until this new batch sees what happens when the Trekkies have VCRs!

Well, as expected that quickie didn't make it into the August APA-FILK. At least this one should have no trouble making it into November.

In August I made my way out to the PENNSIC WARS again. The airlines attempted to atone for a previous year when they had delivered my knapsack and suitcase but had lost my guitar. To even things out, this time they delivered only my guitar, losing both my knapsack and suitcase! Fortunately, the missing items were located and delivered about 12 hours later.

This year it was very hot. This was an excellent year not to be a fighter. Wearing all that padding and metal would have been dreadful. Temperatures were in the 90s, and it was humid. I think it may have gone over 100 a couple of days, I'm not really sure. It had rained much of the week before I arrived, so the roads were muddy at first. On the evening of my arrival the Mud Olympics were held. Cars traveling up one hill had created muddy ruts. These ruts were converted into a mudslide. People would run down the hill, throw themselves down on various portions of their anatomy, and see how far they could slide. Since there were two ruts, it quickly developed into a competition. This was followed by mud wrestling, mud diving, mud sculpture, and other events. About half the contestants were from the Chivalry of the East. The halftime amusement was provided when a car attempted to travel up the hill. The driver could easily see the mudsliding, but decided to try anyway (there were other, drier routes up all of 50 feet away). As you might have guessed, the driver got stuck. Now, SCAdians are very helpful people, and it would not be polite to make comments about the wisdom of trying to drive up a mudslide. So these stalwart athletes gathered together to help push the car up the hill. Yes, the kind-hearted souls grabbed the car. They leaned against it. They pushed. They strained. And they succeeded! Picture it if you will - these people had been mud sliding, mud wrestling, and so on. They were absolutely covered in mud. Leaning on the car, grabbing the car, pushing the car.

The car, when it started this ill-advised maneuver, had been painted white.

This was my best year ever at getting invitations to sing for the high muckity-mucks (no, not the contestants at the Olympics). I was invited to play at dinners given for/by the King of the East, the King of the Middle, the Khan of the Dark Horde, Duke Michael of Bedford, and the Prince of Drachenwald. Yes, it certainly was nice to be invited to play for these people.

I sure wish at least one of them had gotten to hear me.

Part of it was scheduling problems. The pointy-hats have a large number of visits to make. If a dinner is planned for 6-8 PM, the pointy-hats may "accept", but only stay until 7. If one is scheduled to sing at 7:15 the audience may be smaller than anticipated.

On the other hand, sometimes the dinner guests decide that they will provide their own amusements. Being a pointy-hat does not mean that you necessarily like quiet stately dinners. At one of the dinners almost all of the planned entertainment was pushed aside by a small war fought by the dinner guests with miniature catapults and M&Ms. Now, mind you, I have plenty of songs suitable for a "I-would-rather-pound-a-table-with-a-horn-of-mead" crowd. Rowdy suits me fine. I have quite a stock of silly songs as well. But when the Duke was busily engaged in demonstrating that low-cut gowns make natural target areas, somehow the call for the entertainers was omitted.

Our household held our annual bardic circle, which lasted until 4 A.M. or thereabouts. One thing about hot summer days, they are usually followed by warm summer nights. I don't think the temperature dropped below 60. We had the usual mixture of period and period, folk and filk, etc. All in all, a fairly good sing.

For those interested in period tales, Duke Cariadoc held almost nightly circles on the Enchanted Ground. No filksongs, no flashlights to read songbooks - just period tales/songs/riddles around a low campfire. Just beautiful.

On the down side, there was a "Bardic Competition" where they awarded the prize to a belly dancer! I wasn't at the competition (I was busy not performing for royalty), but come on now. The dancer may have been the prettiest, or the most entertaining, or whatever else you may care to add, but her performance did not belong at a bardic competition. Either limit the entries appropriately or announce it as an open competition for all types of entertainment.

After Pennsic came Cactuscon, the NASFIC down in Phoenix. I arrived Thursday morning to find Phoenix both hot and humid, an unusual state of affairs. Tales were already circulating about how poorly run the Worldcon had been. Tales of rooms under construction, attempts to revoke pool privileges for con members (but NOT other hotel guests, etc.). For myself and apparently for many other people, Cactuscon seemed to be a huge relaxacon. People seemed interested in socializing, not in attending the programming. For myself it was simply that the programming didn't seem too interesting, I can't really speak for the others.

I spent some time gaming, with mixed results. I won the Champions tournament. Characters were provided, with the players getting to settle among themselves who would play which character. Although I thought other characters more interesting, I wound up playing my third choice (who was the obvious leader of the group). Well, whenever there is an obvious leader that player has a tremendous advantage. I was able to direct the investigation, ride herd on the other players, and in doing so have a lot of opportunities for role-playing (there was very little combat). The prize - a copy of the rule book! Unless they are used to competitions between novices only, wouldn't it seem likely that the person least likely to need a copy of the

rule book would be someone capable of winning the tournament? As for AD&D, I confirmed the totally negative impression of RPGA-sponsored games that I had first gotten last year in Atlanta (ConFederation). Neither the players nor the DMs knew what scoring was based on. Players were told that role-playing was important, but it turned out that scoring was based on accomplishments. People were told role-playing was important, then handed characters to play with no motive to get along with the others or actual hatreds. If they role play well, they get penalized for "wasting time", "poor teamwork", etc. They didn't even have a session afterwards where one could explain why one acted as one did. My advice is, if you ever want to win an RPGA-sponsored game - FORGET ROLE-PLAYING! Be a leader, stress teamwork and preparation, flaunt your knowledge of the rules, and ignore 90% of what's on your character sheet about background, etc. Also, ignore what's "best" for the party if it pushes your character to the background. That's if you want to win. If you merely want to have a good time role-playing you'll have lots of opportunities (but don't expect it to help you advance to the next round).

The filk room was open 24 hours a day, but was only in use from about 9 P.M. on. The room itself was fairly large, which turned out to be a problem. On the first two nights (Thurs. & Fri.), people were seated in a huge ring around the edge of the room, with 3 people/gap/5 people/gap/2 people/gap etc. The middle was empty. I cannot think of a sing at any con I've been to with so little energy as the Thurs. sing, and Friday wasn't much better. It made me sympathetic to Bob Asprin, who has been known to take over a sing to make it run right. It was a great temptation to try it. After making a few attempts to change things with lively songs, I gave up.

I didn't go to the Sat. sing, though I understood it to have been a slight improvement. On Sunday the Concert was held. I premiered "Free In The Harbor...Again" and got a very good reception. I also tried the Final Encyclopedia (yes, I did have a request) and did well with it. The concert actually ran on time almost all the way through (Jordin wouldn't have been late if the normal fannish timetable had been kept). There were a number of very good to excellent performers there that I had never heard before, as well as a fair amount of new material. All in all, the concert was very good. Afterwards a few of us with similar ideas made sure that the chairs formed a circle with a small radius. Between the good start given by the concert and the high density of the circle afterwards we had a very good sing which lasted until 6 A.M. Not bad, considering that the concert had started at 7 P.M. the previous evening. 11 hours of filk.

I have been invited to join Windborne, a filk group from San Diego. Rehearsals may prove an insurmountable problem, but we'll see. Look for us at LosCon.

And Hey!...Let's keep Filking out there!

THEY'LL SING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S ROOM THIS TIME
FOR APA-FILK #36, NOVEMBER 1987
Perpetrated by Margaret Middleton,
34 Barbara Drive
Little Rock, AR 72204

Something like 80% of the news items in the September issue of HARPINGS were excerpted from the August APA-fILK, so there is little point in running pages from that to fill out my contrib. Maybe I can fill a page or two anyway.

One of the things NOT from APA-FILK was an announcement from Buck Coulson: He has been invited to do a chapter on filk tapes for a book on collectibles, IF editors and publishers get together on a price, date, and so on. While he has catalogs from Off-Centaur, Pegasus Publications, Starwind Publications, and Magic Granny Line, he needs catalogs from other filk publishers like Roberta's Other Worlds books and input from folks like Greg Baker who might have only one tape in print somewhere. He says the material covered will not be restricted to strictly SF tapes, IF the performer is a science fiction fan: Fred Kuhn's and Nate Bucklin's rock material would also be of interest. He also plans to include material on Hourglass Productions' interview-tapes, and possibly tape-recorded fanzines. ("And if I don't have your song tape, I might well buy a copy", he ends.) The address to write is Robert Coulson, 2677W-500N, Hartford City IN 47348-9575 or call (317) 348-0905.

I just got the latest MAD THREE PARTY this weekend, and one of the topics of discussion is 'what to do' in a large space on the second floor of the Hynes Convention Center which is being planned as an alternative location for fans to gather, rather than roaming the halls of the Sheraton in the wee-small hours, or trying to cram into the Sheraton after the big-audience events which will be held in the main auditorium of the Hynes. Sort of super con-suite, and currently being referred-to by Jim Hudson as "the Bazaar".

Now, what Bazaar would be complete without the occasional strolling musician?

This strikes me as being a possible place to have some of those scheduled mini-filks I was telling you about from OKon last issue. Not necessarily or even desirably continuously programmed, but someplace filkers could let folks know they'll be airing their newest material (or taking requests for old favorites, perhaps) at a given time and in congenial company. I, for one, would be interested in planning a mini-filk with one or two of you from the apa that I haven't seen since Chicon IV or even Noreascon 2.

I'm going to write MCFI with this suggestion, and repeat it in the November HARPINGS in hopes of starting a movement.

For any of you with a need for an excuse for a late-spring vacation in the center of the country, ROC*KON is going to be in May this year, the weekend of the 6-8th, in Hot Springs. Guests are Algis Budrys ("WHO ?") and Guy Lillian III. For more info write me at the address in the colophon.

I see I'm past the flag for the end of page 1, so I'll do mailing comments now.

ROBERTA: You're right, folks ARE dropping off the active roster. Hope this issue is more populous. Re: the Rogow/Asprin "Can You Top This?" session, I can think of very few filkers better qualified to play that game than you and Bob. (Now THERE is the germ of an idea for one of those mini-filks: add perhaps Randy Farran or Dennis Drew from around here, and Leslie Fish [though she's a transplanted Chicagoan] from the West Coast for transcontinental representation...)

MISTIE: I've already excerpted the item about Jane Mailander's story sale and other notoriety from last ish; I don't find any other marginal comments.

HAROLD F: "Lullabye for a Weary Filk" is very good and giggle-producing. Re: sale of filks--try submitting the lyric-only to Isaac Asimov's--they print poetry. Chris Weber's "Beware of the Sentient Chili" first saw the light (?) of print there...

HF vol.2: The verse about Bob & chattergroup & cigarettes would generalize readily, also.

MARK: rae/bnc

JOHN B: "Ollie's Profeteers" also rated a "glee!" in the margin.//I LIKE your collages!

Is that all there is? Guess I'll have to natter a bit more, as the infoline up at the top of the screen tells me I'm only on line 38 of this page.

I DO have some invites in-hand (brag-brag) to be Filk/Fan Guest at some conventions in this area in the upcoming calendar year. The first of these will be Xanadu 4 in Nashville in November. I'm pinch-hitting as Fan Goh for Anne & Bob Passovoy, who had to withdraw from the con for mundane reasons. Poul and Karen Anderson are the Pro Guests.

Come March I'll be in Memphis for MidSouthCon; I'm not sure who-all the other guests will be there. Memphis is not a big filking area, but there are a handful of enthusiasts on the concom who keep hoping it will catch-on properly.

Then next October I'm to be at Soonercon in Oklahoma City, sharing billing with Octavia Butler (writer) and Angela Bostick (artist) and others TBA in an all-female guest list.

